

*This work belongs to y<sup>e</sup> Ministry  
at Reading*  
An EXPOSTULATORY *discourse*

# ADDRESS

Offered to the

Most serious Consideration of the People called

## QUAKERS.

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By a MEMBER of that SOCIETY.

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*K L. J.*

To which are added,

Some REFLECTIONS on the Insensibility  
of such who profess the *Light* and *Truth* in  
the *inward Parts*, yet act in Contradiction  
to it.

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Deut. xxxii. 29. *O that they were wise, that they understood this,  
that they would consider their latter End.*

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L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by LUKE HINDE, at the BIBLE  
in George-Yard, Lombard-Street, 1751.

ANALYST

# ADDRESS

OF THE

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY

OF THE

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OF THE

LONDON

Printed and Sold by Long, Fisher, at the Black

in Great Britain, London, 1791

# INTRODUCTION.

**I**T is not an Affectation for popular Applause, nor to display a skilful Genius, (having never been conversant in those Rules of Art which might capacitate me to appear in a poetical Stile) that hath induced me to offer what presented before the View of my Mind; but a deep Sense of the Degeneracy, which too much prevails among some under our Name, in the present Age; and likewise of the Necessity there is for every Individual to scrutinize into their Conduct, in order to find out and apply proper Remedies to remove the Cause, that the Effect may happily cease; it is therefore desired, that my Sincerity and good Intention may be esteemed sufficient to introduce the following Lines to a serious Perusal: And that the most profligate and unthinking Persons, may be provoked to emulate our worthy Ancestors, in every good Word and Work, is the ardent Breathing of my Mind.

Bristol, the 9th of the  
12th Month, 1750.

J. S.

P R E

## iv. INTRODUCTION.

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**P**REVIOUS to what I may herein impart,  
I humbly crave that Truth may cleanse my Heart

From all Defilement, every secret Sin ;

Nay, though it be but Thought conceiv'd within

Each idle Word or Deed, each evil Thought,

Or soon, or late, will be to Judgment brought.

Then happy those who truly seek to have

Their Sins remitted on this Side the Grave !

May this still be my Care ; and blessed be

That glorious Arm of Power, which, in Degree,

Hath been reveal'd ; whereby I now can say,

My Feet are pluckt out of the Mire and Clay,

And are directed in that living Way

Which is cast up, ev'n for the Ransomed,

Who once in Sins and Trespases were dead,

But oh, methinks——there's Danger still behind,

There's daily Need of Watchfulness, I find :

How liable is Man to go astray !

How apt to swerve from this most glorious Way !

May



# INTRODUCTION.

~~May Truth still guide my Feet to walk therein ;~~  
Preserve me ever watchful lest I sin ;  
That whilst on others Conduct I reflect,  
Into my own I closely may inspect,  
Nor an Affair of such Import neglect.  
May others Failings teach me to beware,  
Lest Satan by Delusions me ensnare ;  
May whatsoever in me has been amiss,  
By future Conduct be contain'd in this,  
That so the whole Remainder of my Days,  
May be devoted to my Maker's Praise.  
Nor can I well forbear to intreat my Friends,  
Duly to meditate on what depends  
Their chiefest Good and future Happiness  
Through Christ alone the Way to endless Bliss !  
That we in steadfast Faith may look to him,  
Who only can from Sin our Souls redeem ;  
That by the Holy Ghost's Effusion shed,  
We jointly may revere the Lord our Head !  
To whom for Mercies numberless bestowed,  
Let Praises be ascrib'd, with high Renown.

A N  
Expostulatory ADDRESS.

W H E N as I sat in Sorrow to behold  
What once appear'd more bright than  
shining Gold ;

And ruminating on the Church's State,

" So zealous once, so much deprav'd of late ;

My Muse began thus to expostulate :

*Dear Friends, consider into what Excess,*

You have indulg'd yourselves in *Modes of Dress* ;

Nor only in your Dress, but you of late,

Do in your *Manners* much degenerate.

The *Quaker* now seems almost laid aside,

And little else appears but State and Pride :

Your *Speech* and *Gesture* evidently shews,

How much you now are like the ancient *Jews*,

Who

Who were of *Abra'm's* Seed; but when deprav'd,  
 Had not that Faith whereby they could be sav'd: I  
 They would not Christ the Son of God receive!  
 Nor in his mighty Miracles believe.

*Do you believe therein? Your Faith seems hid!*

Do you not imitate the Works they did?

They slighted his Reproofs, and set at nought

His Counsel: They their own Destruction wrought:

They would not own that comprehensive Rule,

*Who will be wise, must first become a Fool:*

They crucify'd the Son of God! and ye

By his Commands, will not directed be:

You'll not deny yourselves, for Christ his Sake!

Though your immortal Souls do lie at Stake!

Consider what will be the Consequence,

Should you be on a sudden summon'd hence;

Not having truly been engag'd at Heart,

That Christ might purify your inward Part:

*It*

It is, *my Friends*, in most profound Respect,  
 I ardently beseech you to reflect  
 On what ye are, on what this People were,  
 When first they did the Gospel Truths declare :  
 What cruel Saff' rings then they underwent ;  
 Stoning and Stocking, with Imprisonment :  
 Nor had they ought which they esteem'd too dear,  
 To part with for the Truth they had to bear ;  
 That all, who would be saved, must subdue  
 Their natural Wills, and Inclinations too :  
 What Christ forbid his Followers to do,  
 With Diligence they studied to eschew ;  
 They likewise did proclaim most faithfully,  
 What his Disciples were, and e'er will be ;  
 A People cloath'd with true Humility.  
 Peace thro' the Cross they truly sought to gain,  
 That in the End they might a Crown obtain :  
 Whose Principles remain to be the same,  
 Tho' many stray therefrom, which is their Shame ;



Who join in Words, and yet in Works deny  
 What they profess, such give the Cause the Lye:  
 Yet Thanks to God! there still amongst us are,  
 Who do a faithful Testimony bear.

But surely 'tis with Grief of Soul I mention  
 The sad Effects of our too great Declension,  
 From what our Predecessors did profess,  
 So great indeed, that we must needs confess,  
 The Cross of Christ, which they did wisely choose,  
 Is now, as once, unto the Greeks and Jews;  
 'Tis Foolishness to some, who at it mock;  
 To others is become a stumbling-block:  
 Yet tho' the Christian Cross they've not desir'd,  
 Where much is given, much surely is requir'd.  
 What People more than us have favour'd been?  
 Or who more clearly have their Duty seen?  
 Our Ancients knew the Almighty's Power display'd,  
 With true Simplicity he them array'd.

He with them met as in a lowly Place;  
 And to their drooping Souls afforded Grace:  
 Into green Pastures by his Hand he led 'em,  
 And with the Dainties of his House he fed 'em;  
 He blessed them, and multipl'd their Peace,  
 And made their Persecutors Rage to cease:  
 They bore the Burden and the Heat of Day,  
 Through Hardships great, trod out for us the Way:  
 And shall we, their *Descendants*, start aside,  
 To indulge ourselves in Luxury and Pride?  
 Shall we forget the Precepts which they taught,  
 And now despise what they so dearly bought?  
 Who purchas'd Truth, whatever was the Cost;  
 Ev'n tho' thereby their nat'ral Lives they lost.

I know *Religion* don't consist in Dress,  
 Nor Forms, nor outward Shews; yet ne'ertheless,  
 Where *Truth* prevails, tho' some thereat may scoff,  
 Vain Dress, like Branches, will be lopped off;

All Men whose Hearts are right, will careful be  
 That their Appearance may therewith agree:  
 For of the blessed Truth, a bare Profession  
 Will not suffice to such without Possession.  
 What is declar'd admits of no Dispute,  
 Each Tree is manifested by its Fruit:  
 A Tree that's good, cannot bad Fruit produce,  
 Nor Trees corrupt, yield Fruit that's fit for Use.  
 Do Men pluck Grapes from off a Thorny Tree?  
 No more can Figs from Thistles gather'd be.  
 As 'tis from the Abundance of the Heart,  
 That Men their Words and Actions do impart;  
 So 'tis by Actions they alone declare,  
 The Truth or Falshood to the Faith they bear.  
 None but the Lord can search the inward Part;  
 He only knows what lodges in the Heart.  
 Mens Hearts, of all Things, most deceitful are;  
 As Scripture Record plainly doth declare:

And surely of eternal life partake!

And as they yield to Sin, or Sin subdue,  
 To those sweet Peace; these Horror will pursue.  
 Then sure our Duty 'tis to wait to see  
 Both what we are, and what we ought to be,  
 By Virtue of the eternal Power divine !  
 Which wrought, and made our worthy *Elders* shine;  
 The glorious Influence whereof, as ever,  
 Is still diffus'd, and mighty to deliver,  
 From the Abominations of the Times;  
 From Thoughts impure, as well as heinous Crimes;  
 As to its blessed Dictates we adhere,  
 This will preserve us in God's holy Fear,  
 And still direct us how our Course to steer:  
 What we should part with for the blessed Truth,  
 Whether advanc'd in Years, or in our Youth.  
 The Lord in Mercy, gives Mankind to see  
 That as their Works, so their Reward will be:  
 Whoe'er doth lose his Life for Jesus's Sake,  
 Will surely of eternal Life partake !



Who would but seek then to have mortifi'd  
 A Life employ'd in Luxury and Pride !  
 Who would but strive to lay up heav'nly Treasure ;  
 Nor lose the Soul for vain terrestrial Pleasure.

I fear there are who may be so unwise  
 As ev'n the Thoughts of Plainness to despise,  
 Because 'tis us'd by some for *meer Disguise*.

From whence might be inferr'd, that to be plain,  
 Is only insignificant and vain.

" A Pearl will not the less a Crown adorn,

" 'Cause by a filthy Swine it hath been worn,

" And trampled under Foot : " Of old some wore

" The Jewels of the Lord ! and play'd the where."

Scenes of enormous Crimes may acted be,

In divers Forms of base Hypocrisy,

Under a Cloak of seeming Sanctity.

But

But try the Scale, and turn the other Side,  
 It fairly thus th' Objections may decide;  
 That vast Abuses are produc'd through Pride.

Faults are on either Hand, we daily see;

But *Plainness* doth with *Holiness* agree :

And this for Truth is left upon Record,

Without the same, \* *No Man shall see the Lord.*

Some who contend for Liberty will say,

There are amongst us, who profess this Way,

Who are so strict, that they will scarcely use

A proper Freedom; nay, and that they choose

Ev'n to appear in awkward homely Dress,

Through hum'rous Zeal for what they do profess:

And yet may have of secret Pride no less,

Than he that's vain and gaudy in his Dress.

Which

Which granted, that will not at all excuse  
 Those who immod'rate Liberty may use,  
 To skreen their Folly, some make this Excuse,  
*That Things are made familiar by their Use:*  
 Too true it is, that Custom leads to Sin,  
 Broad is that Way, and many walk therein;  
 But strait's the Gate, and narrow is the Way  
 That leads to Life, and few indeed are they  
 That find the same; did Men bear this in Mind,  
 They'd shun *Excess*, and *Pride* of ev'ry Kind:  
 But few there are who take the proper Means  
 To turn their Backs of Folly and Extreams;  
 Which cannot be avoided, we confess,  
 But as they keep to that which we profess,  
 The *Light* of *Christ*, thro' *Faith*; whereby is giv'n  
 Directions how to walk from Earth to Heav'n!  
 To which if we take heed, we shall do well,  
 And God's pure Love will richly in us dwell!

Our *Dress*, our *Words* and *Deeds* will then agree,  
And we shall with ourselves consistent be.

Thus may a glorious Harmony abound,  
As in our Duty we are truly found.  
How comely and how pleasant 'tis to see  
Brethren to dwell in perfect Unity?  
Where *Envy*, *Hatred*, *Anger*, *Wrath*, and *Strife*,  
*Hypocrisy*, and all which feeds that Life,  
Is trodden down, nay mortifi'd and slain;  
That nought but *Love* and *Friendship* may remain.  
Then will *Tale-bearing* and *Backbiting* cease,  
Pernicious Weeds, destructive of our Peace;  
The very Bane of all Society;  
O may it not by us practis'd be!  
And as our Hearts are season'd with God's Grace,  
*Evil Surmising* will not have a Place:  
The *Whisperer* then, whose Words like Arrows fly,  
Wounding the Innocent, they know not why;



With just Contempt and Scorn will still be treated,  
And all his base Contrivances defeated.

*Dear Friends*, accept this Token of my Love ;  
Which that it may to your Advantage prove,  
Regard ye not the Meanness of its Stile,  
But pray suspend your Judgment for a while,  
Ev'n 'till you have each Sentence duly weigh'd,  
With Application just : Nor be afraid  
To search your Hearts, your Deeds bring to the  
Light,  
Which soon will shew they're wrong, or shew them  
right :  
To which with mine, your Souls I recommend,  
And am in all Sincerity your Friend.

**SOME**  
**REFLECTIONS**

**ON THE**  
**INSENSIBILITY**

Who professes the **Light** and **Truth**  
in the *inward Parts*, yet act in **Con-**  
**tradiction** to it.

**A** L A S how sorrowful it is to see,  
Mankind involv'd in gross *Stupidity* !

Oh, who that's yet awake, can choose but weep,

That Man should be so fondly lull'd asleep ;

That such as have th' Almighty's Wonders known,

Or those by Predecessors handed down ;

Who were in early Days convinc'd of Truth,

Or have therein instructed been from Youth ;

That

That these should now so dull and languid grow,  
 As to forget from whence their Mercies flow ;  
 Forsaking of the Lord their God in Heart,  
 And from the Footsteps of the Flock depart !  
 Too many such there are that start aside,  
 Pursuing lying Vanities and Pride ;  
 Who tho' they knew the Truth, and Pow'r thereof,  
 Yet having lost it, at the same do scoff :  
 With Hearts not right, they're sitting down at Ease,  
 And in *external Forms*, they think to please,  
 And worship God ! *Religion* they would own,  
 And yet neglect the chief and Corner-stone,  
 Which is the *Son of God* ; declar'd to be  
 The Way to Life and Immortality :  
 They will not bear Christ's Yoke, nor learn within,  
 Of him whose Pow'r can cleanse the Soul from Sin ;  
 Regardless of the Rock whence they were hew'n,  
 Don't prize the Favours by th' Almighty shewn,

To his afflicted Ones, in their Distress,  
When persecuting Rage did them oppress.

Like as when *Isra'l*, by divine Command,  
Attempted to escape from *Egypt's* Land,  
Where under Bondage they had long been griev'd,  
'Till God saw meet that they should be reliev'd !  
Their mournful Cries, their Groanings pierc'd his

Ear,

And he for their Deliv'rance did appear :  
Stupendous Miracles for them were wrought ;  
Tremendous Judgments on the *Egyptians* brought,  
Who well observes what Wonders were display'd,  
How much thereby the *Heathens* were dismay'd ;  
Must needs admire, extol, and highly praise  
So great a Type of glorious Gospel Days !  
'T' enlarge thereon is not my present Aim ;  
Each Instance of it loudly doth proclaim

The



The gracious Dealings of the Lord, to those  
 That with his Visitation timely close !  
 But his fierce Wrath to them who him oppose :  
 And in Rebellion slight his righteous Law,  
 On their own Heads deserv'd Destruction draw.  
 To hint thereof is only my Intention,  
 May it suffice with Brevity to mention,  
 That *Moses* with this Message then did go,  
 Set Israel free,——*the Lord will have it so !*  
 That *Phar'ob* having felt th' Almighty's Rod,  
 Bid them go *sacrifice unto their God !*  
 Yet soon repenting he had let them go,  
 He them pursu'd, which prov'd his Overthrow :  
 While *Moses* bid the *Israelites* not fear,  
*And God for their Salvation would appear !*  
 Which they believing, saw accomplished,  
 And on the Shore their Enemies lie dead.

They

They likewise conquer'd all that did withstand  
 Their happy Progress to the promis'd Land ;  
 Whilst they obsequious were to God's Command !

Yet next observe, how they the Harlot play'd ;  
 How soon they from Jehovah's Counsel stray'd ;  
 Witness the *Golden Calf* which *Aaron* made :  
 Their Murm'ring oft divine Displeasure brought,  
 Tho' for their Sakes such Miracles were wrought.

But oh, behold how frail is human Nature !  
 Man ! who created was the noblest Creature,  
 Is prone to deviate from his Maker's Will ;  
 From what internal Principles instil !  
 As from the Precepts left upon Record,  
 By Men inspir'd to speak God's holy Word !  
 Whereby, as through a Glass, Mankind may view  
 What Punishment there is to Sinners due.

And oh! who can declare the wretched State,  
 Or what will surely be th' unhappy Fate,  
 Of such as do great Faith in Christ profess,  
 And yet are unconcerned to possess  
 The Virtue of his Pow'r, which only can  
 Repair the Breaches made 'twixt God and Man!  
 Will not such high Professing aggravate,  
 And add unto their Sin much greater Weight?  
 Still more exhibit their bewildred State?  
 Are there not many so obdurate grown,  
 That Scripture-proof for Truth they'll hardly own?  
 Nay were an Angel to descend from Heav'n,  
 With most divine Instructions to him giv'n,  
 To warn Mankind from Evil to depart,  
 And cleave to God with full Intent of Heart!  
 Affirming, whosoever would happy be,  
 When launching forth into Eternity ;

Or would in Heav'n with Saints and Angels dwell,  
Must needs forsake the Way that leads to Hell!

Which could not be escap'd, but as they stood  
In Opposition to vain Flesh and Blood;

Ev'n through an humble Self-denying Life;

Which with the nat'ral Part in Man has Strife:

Would not his Mission then rejected be?

Oh most deplorable *Stupidity*! —

Yet more lamentable it is, alas!

That in this Gospel Day, 'tis come to pass,

The Son of God afresh is crucifi'd,

By those for whom upon the Cross he dy'd!

For whom his precious Blood was spilt, to raise

The Soul to sing its dear Redeemer's Praise.

Oh, Love unparallel'd! — Oh, what will be

The Consequence of Man's Stupidity!



